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The Missile

MAY-JUNE, 1914.

Petersburg High School
Petersburg, Virginia.

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THE MISSILE

Published by the Students of the Petersburg High School,
PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA.

Vol. III. MAY-JUNE, 1914. No. 6.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

A little child, lovely and fair,
Knelt by her crib for her evening prayer,
And the nurse heard, as she entered the door,
From the white-clad figure upon the floor:
"Heavenly Father, I kneel and pray
For America's boys, who are far away.
They sailed with hearts that were so brave,
And I guess they knew they were facing the grave;
So, O Lord, will you not go
And help the trouble in Mexico?
Then bring them back safe to us here,
Because to us they are so dear.
We'd thank you so much, oh, but still
We only ask this—if it be Thy Will.
Now, O Lord, as this prayer I make,
Bless the Mexicans too, for Jesus' sake."
The nurse then knelt down by the door,
And prayed as she had ne'er prayed before.
She prayed to the Lord for power from his hand
To establish PEACE throughout our land.

DOROTHY MCK. SPOONER, '16.

JANE.

THE FATAL DAY had arrived at last. For four months it was anxiously awaited by the students of Roxville High School. The sun dimly shone through the hovering clouds, while a brisk wind blew the tattered autumn leaves to and fro. The bare trees seemed to add a note of stillness, though they did not affect the joy and merriment of the students who flocked on the narrow paths leading to the school entrance. Being very large, and fitted with modern conveniences, this school was proudly boasted of by every citizen of Roxville.

A glance at the pupils would satisfy one that it was examination morn, for each was carrying a large blue pad—an emblem of approaching trials. It was the day for history examination, and at short intervals a burst of laughter could be heard, possibly at some foolish incident or some serious experience. But all were not merry; perhaps the unhappy ones had some reason. How many had not opened their books to study until the night before? They were the ones with long faces and broad frowns. And how many had worked industriously during the term and were prepared for the test? They could be identified by their merry humor and bright smiles.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Wilson, but you dropped your exam. pad," spoke young Arthur Hamilton, as he drew a pad from under his left arm and passed it to Jane Wilson.

"Thank you, Mr. Hamilton; but to lose something today would not be remarkable," she returned softly, as she pressed the pad against her arm.

"Indeed not," he quickly answered, as he reached her side; "history is an awful study anyway, especially with me. I guess you've heard my answers in class."

"Class work may be called a sample," she hesitatingly replied, "but on exams. you must display your stock."

Thus the conversation was continued, history being the main topic of discussion. As they were near the school and had plenty of time, they did not hurry. From their conversation it may be judged that they had known each other for some time—not long—as may be inferred from their *Mr.* and *Miss.* In fact they had been acquainted since Mr. Wilson had opened his large grocery store, and Hamilton had been accustomed to trade for his mother. The cashier was none other than the pretty maiden who was now on her way to school. She was admired by all, not because she was intellectual,—for Jane Wilson had never had that reputation,—but because of her modesty. Really, this was her first conversation. Interest was felt in each other's speech; and as they neared the gate, they might be said to have been chums.

At that moment a fierce wind started. Hats and caps were seen rolling down the street, and the strong wind blew Hamilton's pad from his arm. By the quick action of his foot he kept it from going far away and saved himself a good chase. The blue blotter was turned out, and on it were seen several dates and a column of history notes pertaining to the examination. The girl's eyes were attracted by the writing—she realized what it was. Her smiling face grew pale, and she slowly turned her back. He, too, realized what had happened, and his face also grew pale. His hand trembled as he slowly picked the pad up; not daring to look at his companion, he turned

aside. Not a word was uttered—not a movement made. The girl was first to speak. She looked around, and in a pleading tone said, as she looked straight into his face,

"Don't, Mr. Hamilton, don't—."

She could say no more, but Hamilton understood the rest. The bell rang, and she walked toward the door. She then turned as if to give a final adieu, and disappeared in the building. Hamilton was thunderstruck—a coward does not move when he recognizes his guilt. He did not think; his mind was a blank. Upon hearing the bell he, too, turned into the school.

The period for examination had arrived. Every minute seemed an hour, and finally the principal entered with the single sheets. Shaking hands grasped them, while eyes seemed to burst trying to read all with one glance. A sudden hush fell over the room, and all were held in breathless awe. Some immediately began to write, while others hesitated and tried to think. Some faces were bright; others were doubtful. But one hand sluggishly grasped the paper and tried to hide it from his eyes. It seemed as if he would rather die than look at his paper. This student was Arthur Hamilton.

Finally he did look at the questions. The first one he could answer, but the second he could not. Now was the time for that blue piece of paper. He sank back in his seat, and hideous thoughts ran through his brain. "If I fail, I shall be considered a blockhead; the boys won't recognize me; I'll lose my place on the nine; I'll be dropped from the magazine staff. I must—I must," he thought to himself. Slowly he extended his hand, and quickly he drew it back. "I'm a coward; I'm a cheater; I'm—everything," he said to himself, "but could one be in my place

and not cheat?" Did the thought cross his mind that every act weaves the threads of his future character? Did he think that each evil deed finds its way to the Ruler of Heaven and casts a darker shadow upon his soul forever? Did he realize that "in manhood's morning, when the shadows are still falling toward the west," is when the foundation of character is laid? Thoughts of his sin did come to him. If caught, he would be expelled in disgrace; no one would recognize him; he would be scorned by all; his life would be a living death. He glanced around guiltily and met the drawn face of Jane Wilson, but quickly looked away, not being able to face her. Again he extended his hand toward the blue paper— again he hesitated. Then with a sudden grasp he seized it and drew it nearer. As a miser grasps his long-saved coin, he seized the rough notes and glanced around to see if any one was watching him.

It was now too late. Mr. Huff, the teacher of history, was coming to his desk.

"What have you in your hand, sir?" he demanded in a stern voice.

All eyes were upon Hamilton, expecting a crisis. He sank back into his seat, the pencil dropped from his hand, he could not answer.

"What is that paper?" again demanded the teacher, now growing indignant.

Upon seeing that Hamilton would not speak, he tore it from his hand and carefully examined its contents. His face darkened, and shaking his finger in rage, he exclaimed: —

"Is this your paper? Answer me; where did you get it?"

"I——"

Hamilton was interrupted. A slim girlish figure stood up in the rear of the room. It was Jane Wilson. Staring through the window, then turning to the teacher, she spoke:

"Mr. Hamilton is innocent, sir; I put the paper on his desk."

"Miss Wilson, no, you——"

Hamilton was again interrupted, this time by the principal, who ordered Jane Wilson to his office. Every one was amazed at the girl. To think that a girl like Jane Wilson would help Arthur Hamilton to cheat. It seemed impossible. She walked down the aisle, and casting a pleading look at Hamilton, closed the door. "Does he appreciate this?" she thought to herself. Something seemed to tell her, "Yes." This was sufficient. The principal, enraged, seated her, and began his lecture regarding her act.

In his room Hamilton was miserable. "The girl shall not stand for it. Even if I am a coward, there's too much manliness in me to let a *girl* shelter my sins." At this thought, without hesitation, he advanced from his desk and walked out of the room.

"Do you realize the significance of your act?" the principal said to Jane Wilson, who was seated before him. "Do you know what you have done?"

Jane Wilson did not speak. Every word seemed like the roar of a cannon, beating against her brain.

At that moment the door opened, and Arthur Hamilton entered. Pale, his face drawn, he looked first at the girl and then at the principal. The words seemed to be forced, but he meant them from his heart.

"Miss Wilson is innocent, sir; she did this to protect me, but there is too much of a gentleman's spirit in me

to allow this, and I beg you to dismiss Miss Wilson and punish me."

A smile curled on the principal's lips. He looked at one and then the other. Drawing his hand across his forehead, he said:

"Young man, you have had a lesson to-day from this young lady which will make you feel the despicableness of your sin far more than any punishment I can inflict. You have shown by your unwillingness to let her suffer for you that the instinct of manliness is in you. Believing that this will be a lesson for you, I am going to dismiss you without further punishment. Now you may both go."

Each heaved a sigh of relief, and each bowed stiffly. Slowly they left the office and disappeared around the corner of the hall. For some time they did not speak. Finally the young girl said in a soft voice:

"Would you cheat again, Mr. Arthur?"

"Never, Jane," he answered, as a tear rolled down his cheek.

MEYER LAVENSTIEN, '16.

It is not the breakers that cause a fellow to go broke at the seashore.

Mr. Cobb recently married Miss Webb. He knew he had found the right one as soon as he spider.

TOUCHING.

Spinster—Why can't women have trousers pockets into which to put their hands?

Bachelor—They have—the married ones I mean.

THE MISSION OF FLOWERS.

HAVE you ever noticed how some people always ascribe a profit-making or selfish motive to every action? Well, old Mr. Edwards was just that sort of man. Tell him anything that any one had done, and he would give a short, unpleasant laugh and say, "Yes, and she got so-and-so for it;" or "Surely any one would if he got paid enough." Such was his philosophy of life. Long years of confinement to a rolling-chair had made him a cynic. He believed that no one ever had any object in view but his own advancement; and as for doing anything out of pure love of doing it,—why, the idea! *He* had never heard of nor seen such a thing.

So when the society was formed to clean up the town, and get each citizen to beautify his own grounds, and Barbara Crewe undertook to see Mr. Edwards about his yard, she realized she had undertaken no easy job. However, she had taken a fancy to old Jim Edwards—why, she first became acquainted with him in her childhood; and he, in turn, had liked her and had made her his favorite; so she trusted to a certain amount of freedom she might take with him with impunity.

When she reached the old, rambling house in its refuse-scattered yard, she ran quickly up the steps and knocked on the door. Juggins, the only servant the old man would have, answered the knock after he had ambled up the steps from the basement, and Barbara was asked into Mr. Edwards's room. He seemed pleased to see her, to tell the truth, and looked far more pleasant than usual. But

when he was told of the plan to beautify the city, he immediately raised some objections.

Then, "See here, Bobby, why don't you do it yourself, if you're so anxious about it? I'll give ten dollars. Let's see how much you can do with it."

So the next day saw a man in the yard cleaning up. Later, Barbara had flower beds marked off and the whole yard prepared for the reception of the seeds. She planted seeds in all the beds and plants in a few. There were all manner of sweet, old-fashioned flowers—pinks, sweet Williams, bleeding hearts, phlox, heliotrope, mignonette, and columbines were put near posts, and some quick-growing vines in a trellis before the porch. All through the growing months the flowers were tended faithfully. But not once did the girl outside see the old face inside watching her, with Juggins near by instantly to remove him if Barbara looked up.

By summer the place was a mass of bloom and beauty. The grass-plots were fresh and green and well mowed, and the flowers were in bloom. The place reminded him of a time when he was young and handsome and well, and he had had a companion in the old house,—the girl, his wife, who had died so young. He felt very much softened and saddened by his memories, and welcomed a step in the hall which he recognized as Barbara's.

They talked for a while; then, after a short silence, Mr. Edwards said: "Barbara, you said last winter that it would do me good to have flowers around. You were right. And more, they have shown me something I never remember seeing before,—some one trying to help some one else, without helping herself one bit in doing it; and—"

"But it did help me, Mr. Edwards!" exclaimed the girl.

"Don't you see how much good it has done me? Just feel my arm; and it's payment enough to see how beautiful the place is, and to realize it's all my own work, don't you see?"

"Well, now, I don't. But you say so; so I reckon it's all right. I tell you now, Barbara, I guess I'm an old bear, but your flowers have made me realize how such beautiful things help a body; and now only by the sight of beauty do I realize how sordid was my life before."

And Barbara smiled happily to see the result of her work.

IDA ROUTH, '16.

THE WHISPERING TREES.

THE beautiful June day was slowly coming to a close—one of those days which make all people thankful to be alive. But the close of the day was more glorious than the day itself, if that were possible. The cool, refreshing breeze which comes with night relieved the intense heat which was present in the day, and the shadows from the tall, massive trees lent a soft appearance to the cozy, quaint little village of Oakland. This village, you must bear in mind, prided itself upon its trees; and this was a worthy pride, for it seemed more than ordinarily blessed with nature's prized gift. In fact the main street appeared like a beautiful grove when the trees on either side seemed to try to meet their lofty heads in the gentle breeze, especially when they heard bits of conversation from the village gossips; for then they would assent or disagree in their nodding way.

On this particular June night the trees seemed unusually eager to come nearer each other, for they were straining even their sturdy trunks. And no wonder—this was a day of all days. Nothing so extraordinary ever happened to such a quiet, secluded little village. The large, old-fashioned white house which sat far back in the most beautiful yard imaginable was to be occupied at last, and still more marvelous, by Mr. Hartley, the millionaire. Mr. Hartley and his only son, Phillip, had decided to come here to remain through the warm summer month, July, leaving Mrs. Hartley and Helen, Phillip's only sister, in New York. They had travelled to their heart's content and upon hearing of the little village, Oakland, where peace and quiet reigned, they sought this refuge from the social whirl of New York. It is needless to say the people of Oakland were proud to boast that Mr. Hartley and his son were honoring their village by a whole month's stay there. Do you wonder at the trees being moved?

Now among the other people in Oakland there lived in a small cottage Mr. Craighton, a man commonly known in the village as "the poor blind man," and his only child, indeed his all, Mercer. Life for Mercer was not everything pleasant; on the contrary, it was the reverse. But her character was as beautiful as she herself was, and she thought not of what she had not, but was thankful for what she had. At the death of her mother, when she was sixteen (she was eighteen at the time of this story), her father and herself moved to Oakland, where they could live comfortably on the sum he had accumulated before his misfortune.

Mercer was one of many others who were curious to see Phillip, the millionaire's son, for report had it that he

was extremely good-looking. Of course, *she* would only get a glimpse at him, never have the good fortune of conversing with or meeting him. But fate decreed otherwise, and Mercer did have this good fortune.

Mercer's greatest delight in life was to wander through the beautiful woods which bordered Oakland, where she could be alone with nature. She was nature's child. The tall, patient pines, the sweet, modest violets, and the gay, warbling brook were her teachers. She also took great pleasure in sketching nature's pictures. Indeed, her artistic talent was wonderful; it only lacked the polish which good masters could easily add. However, this was one of Mercer's burdens to bear, for her father had just money enough to support them, none for schooling.

One evening, about a month after the beautiful June day when the Hartleys arrived in Oakland, Mercer, leaving her father resting on his couch, ran joyously to her favorite haunt, the woods. She had her sketch book with her, since she was completing a very pretty little scene which she was specially anxious to make good. As soon almost as she took her seat on a large rock on the edge of the brook, she heard a dull noise as of a struggle, followed by a deep groan. She jumped up immediately and rushed to the nearby road. She saw lying in the ditch a a man whom she could not recognize on account of the thick clouds of dust which enveloped him, and heard the distant gallop of a horse. She hurried to the man and literally dragged him to the edge of the wood, for he was unconscious, and wiped the bleeding forehead with her handkerchief, dampened by the cool water of the brook. She was so excited by the accident and agitated by the sight of blood that she did not think of the fact that it

was a stranger over whom she was bending, trying so hard to bring him to consciousness. Soon he stirred slightly, opened his eyes, and in a far-off voice asked where he was. As she saw this, she got up at once and in a very unconcerned voice said:

"Sir, you have just had a little accident; your horse must have gotten away from you. I think you are all right now, though you did have quite a fall."

Phillip Hartley, for it was he, while she was talking, became more and more like himself and slowly got upon his feet. He could not help being attracted by the girl, for, due to excitement, her eyes, as blue as the sky above, sparkled, and her checks were flushed to an unusually becoming hue.

"I don't know how to thank you for your kindness. I guess I'd still be lying in that ditch if you had not come to my assistance. I can't imagine why Search Light became so frightened at just a piece of white paper in the road. But he is fiery anyway. Oh, in this excitement I have forgotten to introduce myself. I am Phillip Hartley; I guess you have heard about our being here. May I have the pleasure of not only knowing the name of my rescurer, but of seeing much of her in the future? Oh, what have you there? Are you really an artist? Why that is just splendid. My father must see it, for he enjoys collecting sketches and bits of hand-painted scenery. Phil. had grown more and more excited as he spoke, and, due to his weak condition, he leaned heavily against a tree.

At his sudden outburst Mercer told him (she never knew when or how) all about her father's blindness and her being unable to realize her dream of becoming an artist on account of not having the necessary means to study.

Phillip could not persuade Mercer to allow him to take her to his father then. She left him, taking a short cut through the woods to her cottage. Phillip walked slowly and thoughtfully home, where he met his father at the gate.

"My son, what has happened to you? Your forehead has been cut." Mr. Hartley asked in an anxious voice.

"Oh, Father, I am all right now, for one of the loveliest girls I have ever laid eyes upon brought me to life. I was shaken up a bit, I'll admit; but how could a fellow not get well at once when doctored by such a girl? You *must* meet her, Father."

After much questioning, Mr. Hartley finally understood that both he and his son were greatly indebted to a fair young lady, the daughter of one of his school chums, he thought, for her kindness to his son. He also understood that this young lady wished to become an artist, but lacked the necessary means for culture. Phillip was anxious to send her to school; but as he fully realized she would never go at his expense, he was anxious for his father to visit Mr. Craighton and induce him to allow Mr. Hartley to educate Mercer.

"Of course, I do not want her to know that I am going to bear the expense, Father, but I should never be happy unless I could afford her that great joy," Phillip had said.

And so it happened that the trees were whispering again on a September day just two months later, for Mercer Craighton was leaving the village on that day to take a course in art in New York.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Mercer's day of success had come. She had won the first prize at the Art Exhibition for her simple but true-

to-nature painting, "Home." Consequently, she was supremely happy. Louise Montgomery had invited her to spend a week with her in New York before returning to Oakland; and as she had worked hard, she felt that she could conscientiously enjoy this visit. Louise had been so good to her when she came, and remained her friend during their four years' course in art together. She had spoken to her often of her brother and his chum Phil., and on the day before leaving for home she said, as she pleaded with Mercer to persude her to come, Oh, etc.

"Oh, Mercer, I am so anxious for you to meet my brother, and his friend especially. You must come, for they will be there in a few days."

Two days later found Mercer in Louise's elegant home. Mrs. Montgomery planned a little dinner for Mercer and Louise on the night of their arrival, for then Mercer might meet many people, as well as Robert Montgomery and Phil.

"Now put on that lovely pale blue crepe-de-chine dress, which shows your delicate color and glorious eyes to perfection, for remember you must look your best to meet so many people to-night, especially Phil.; he's so good-looking;" said Louise to Mercer.

Mercer could not understand why every one was anxious for her to meet this Phil. He must be very popular in New York, and extremely pleasant. Somehow I cannot help from thinking I know him, she mused. And then she thought of a Phillip Hartley, who was good-looking too, whom she met in such an extraordinary way, but whom she had not seen since. "I owe my whole life to his father, nay rather to him," she whispered, "for it could not have happened without him." But strange to

say not once did she think of Phil. and Phillip being the same man.

The dancing was gaily going on. Every one was in the liveliest of spirits. Mercer was having a delightful time talking to a funny little Frenchman out on the piazza. She had danced until she felt quite tired; so she gladly substituted for the last dance a seat on the piazza, where the moonbeams spread softly, lighting it up.

Soon she heard the voice of Louise near her:

"Phil., here is Mercer, of whom I have spoken so often to you and Brother in my letters. I want to introduce you to her."

Mercer turned around and met the staring gaze of Phillip Hartley.

"You!" she exclaimed in a joyful, surprised tone. "I don't understand; but I felt I knew Robert's friend, and it really has turned out that I do."

"Why didn't you tell me you knew each other?" Louise cried. "Come, Mr. Lovelace, here is that special variety of rose Mother has just been fortunate enough to secure for her garden. This one just picked is a beauty." So Louise carried Mercer's little French acquaintance to examine the rose.

Then Phillip told Mercer how he knew the charming friend Louise had to introduce to him, how interested he had been in her progress as an artist, and how happy her final success had made him.

"You know I can never forget our meeting and how good you were to me. I am going back to your home with you when you go, for I want to visit the spot of our meeting, indeed I should like to remain in Oakland this whole summer, for there my heart is. May I?"

"Yes," she said in a low, soft voice. "There are lovely walks near that spot, for the woods at Oakland are the loveliest in the world. They were my inspiration, and I shall seek them again to inspire me to other things. And I want to thank you for the happiness you and your father have added to my life."

When a week later Phil. and Mercer were walking slowly under the trees of Oakland, the latter were again whispering, and seemed even more anxious to meet their lofty summits to protect the two in their walk—through life. Can you guess the secrets they this time were whispering?

V. C. Ridenour, '14.

NEW SCHEDULE.

The railway train had just put in a tango playing machine.

"Are we running on eastern or central time?" asked a passenger.

"Neither," replied the Conductor, wearily, "rag time."

FROM ZERO TO WARMTH.

Teacher (severely)—What will your father say to your low average?

Youngster (with hesitation)—When dad sees I'm down to zero he'll "warm me up," I guess.

THEY WERE SATISFIED.

Sunday School Teacher (telling of they deluge)—And it rained for forty days and forty nights.

Johnny—Were the farmers satisfied then?

THE DREAMER.

The sun fast sinks in the west;
The day is done.
The splendid clouds their glory have shed
With setting sun.
'Tis the time of thought for the dreamer,
The sweetest hour of repose,
When the deepening shadows of twilight
The beautiful world enclose.

What thoughts will come to the dreamer
As daylight fades?
What will he dream to-night
'Mid gathering shades?
He dreams not of the past,
Nor of years that yet be ahead:
Of the past he harbors few memories;
Of the future naught doth he dread.

Then what does he muse in the gloaming
At evening tide?
Of what does he dream 'mid the shadows
That daylight hide?
He dreams of castles and gardens,
Of mountains and countries afar,
He muses of power and people,
Dreams that no care can mar.

All dreams may come to the dreamer
At twilight hour,
As he adds to his castle in Spain
Its crowning tower.
Naught cares he for the real,
Or if his dreams come true;
He loves his dreams as they are,
Their vanity ne'er doth he rue.

But life would be really empty
Were all dreams dead,
And the peaceful hour of twilight
Its beauty have shed.
They're like the mount in the distance,
Whose summit he never may reach,
Or the ideals that tower above him,
Shedding its influence each.

So leave the dreamer in peace,
And go your way.
You may see him once more in the future,
Some distant day.
For the dream must couquer the dreamer;
Some day he'll seek to attain
The summit that once in the twilight
He never had thought to gain.

M. Francis Drewry, '14.

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THERE comes a time when all good friends must part, when we must cease to see the faces that have gathered around us day after day. Merry June brings with it a touch of sadness for those who, on the night of June 11th, face their future as they depart from the school-

room to learn greater lessons on the highway of life. May fond remembrances linger in the hearts of their fellow-pupils; yet may the pain of parting be duly tempered by the assurance of work well done! The least that can be said of the past session is that the toil of nine long months has been crowned with the fruits of success. The unit system, now firmly established in our school, has proved its worth; the newly instituted courses of domestic science and manual training have given opportunities long sought; the establishment of our literary societies reflects credit upon our school; the perseverance in athletics, both girls' and boys', has prepared the way for winning teams next year; and numerous advances in various directions have demonstrated the progressive tendency of our principal and faculty. In this, the last issue of the *Missile*, we wish, in the name of the student body, to thank our authorities for a successful school year and, in the name of the *Missile* staff, to thank the contributors and subscribers and our printer, who have lent their aid to attain our success. Now, as we thrust our *Missile* into its sheath, it is with a heartfelt hope that others have deemed its wielding well done; and we dedicate it as a means of glory to those who follow us.

WHAT constitutes an up-to-date High School? It is true that attractive class-rooms, competent instructors, well ventilated rooms, and various other things are needed. There is, however, one thing which is often overlooked and which is of the greatest importance—a play-ground, with suitable equipment, for the promotion of athletics. Character is moulded on the play-ground as well as in the class-room, and the school authorities should

provide suitable play-grounds for the use of the school children. Our High School campus, on account of its slope, is not at all adapted to athletic contests. Whenever a base-ball or foot-ball game is to be played, we must look about us and find some place in which to play. A suitable play-ground should be furnished, and the school authorities are not doing their duty until they supply this need. At present, a wonderful opportunity for securing an ample play-ground presents itself. Directly in the rear of the High School campus is a vacant lot extending back several hundred yards. Bordering the High School campus on the west is another vacant lot of great proportions, separated from the campus by a small stream. If these two vacant lots should be purchased, the small stream bridged, and the present campus graded somewhat, a play-ground of ample size for any kind of athletic contests would be secured. The pupils should have such a play-ground, and it is earnestly hoped the school authorities will investigate the matter, grasp the opportunity which now presents itself, and do their duty toward the school children.

PROOF.

Stella—Are they wealthy?

Bella—They gave their baby an auto tire to cut his teeth on.

OUT OF HER LINE.

Sporting Goods Salesman—This is the regular size catcher's glove, ma'am.

Johnny's Grandmother—Very well, how much are they a pair?

School Notes

On the afternoon of April twenty-third, the pupils of I.A and I.B with several of the teachers went to various points of historic interest in and around Petersburg. Peter Jones' trading station at the extreme end of Short Market Street, and the Golden Ball Tavern on Old Street were the first points visited.

The next stop was at Oak Hill, on the north bank of the river, where a marker shows LaFayfette's headquarters during the Revolution. Near the house is a walkway bordered by box trees of remarkable height and beauty.

Violet Bank on the opposite side of the road is an attractive colonial house surrounded by fine trees. One, in particular, a cucumber tree of immense size, is well worth looking at. Some distance behind the house is an interesting grave yard, containing stones dating back more than a hundred years.

Returning to town, the party visited East Hill, where General Phillips died during the Revolution, Center Hill, and West Hill.

We hope that this will not be the last of our local his-

torical expeditions as there are several places of historic interest in Petersburg to which many of us have never been.

. . . . . .

During the past month we were favored with a visit by Mrs. Faith Parratt, of Martinsville, a member of the W. C. T. U. She spoke to us about temperance, treating the subject scientifically. Much interest was aroused.

. . . . . .

Miss Beard (III.B. French): "Can any one tell me how frost opens chestnuts? One of you chemistry pupils ought to be able to tell me."

Upon receiving no answer, she said, "It bites them."

. . . . . .

Miss R. (I.A Latin): "For to-morrow write a sentence on the head of a King."

. . . . . .

Miss R. "What is a crime?"

Miss D. (IV.B): "A big misdemeanor."

. . . . . .

HEARD IN THE PHYSICS CLASS.

"The speed of light was determined by watching the rotation of the sun about the planets with a large magnifying glass."

. . . . . .

Miss D. "If men cannot make certain laws in regard to the American colonies, who can?"

Mr. C. (earnestly): "Women."

. . . . . .

Miss D. (III. B Eng.): "Name some of Fielding's works."

Miss S: "*Pamela* and *Joseph Anderson.*"

. . . . . .

Miss X. has been trying the starving method to make her pnpils think.

Miss D. (III. B English): "Give me the dates for Pope."
Miss P: "1688 to 1644."

. . . . . .

Franklin makes the statement that the sale of five *Poor Richard's Almanacs* procured for him a sufficient amount to supply him with some solid pudding. Mr. T. of II. B raised the query as to what became of the pudding. He was evidently thinking of lunch time.

. . . . . .

Tommy. "Pop, can a sewing bee sting?"
Tommy's Pop: "No, my son, but it can do a lot of buzzing."

. . . . . .

A bachelor, upon reading that "two lovers will sit up all night with one chair in the room" said that it could not be done unless one of them sat on the floor. Such ignorance is painful.

. . . . . .

We take this opportunity when *The Missile* goes to press for the last time this year, to extend our thanks to Miss Theresa Bain of III. B, who has so accommodatingly played for us at our many assemblies.

We wish also to thank the Daughters of the Confederacy for the subscription for another year to *The Literary Digest*, which they kindly gave to our school library.

. . . . . .

On Tuesday, April 21, quite interesting exercises were held in the 7 B Class, when three beautiful pictures, "Last Meeting of Lee and Jackson," "Signing of Declaration of Independence," and "A Prairie Fire," were presented to that class. The girls gave the pictures, while the boys made the frames and furnished the glass for them. Duncan Pleasants presented them, and Supt. R. R. Jones accepted them for the school. Then the Rev. Mr. Hassell, of the Third Presbyterian church, made a short address, after which the school sang *Virginia*, *Stanewall Jackson's Way*, and *America*. Mr. Sharp presided.

Athletics

BASEBALL LETTER MEN.

BOOTH,	COLLIER,
NUFER,	GILL, R. S.
JONES,	WALTHALL,
YOUNG,	SHEFFIELD,
ROPER,	ELLIOTT, Capt.
JORDAN,	HEATH, Manager.

A review of the baseball season shows eleven games played, eight defeats and three victories. At a glance it would be pronounced a disastrous season, but we do not consider it as such. The discouraging showing made by the team may be attributed to three facts: the failure of the High School to turn out a base-ball team last year, the element of hard luck which the team played in, and the failure of the student body to support the team. The High School had no team last year, and the team this year had only two letter men on it,—Elliott and Young. All other members of the team were new men; this, of course, was a very great drawback. Our team played in hard luck; only one game was played during the entire season in which every regular man was on the field. The continuous change in line-up hurt the team to probably a

greater extent than anything else. The student body did not support the team as it should. Only a mere handful, mostly girls, came out to see the games; this lack of support, of course, affected the team a great deal. Everything considered, we do not look upon the season as a failure.

Nothing but the highest praise can be given the men who composed the team, and the Athletic Association bestowed upon them the highest honor in its power,—a P. H. S. monogram. The team stuck together amid the very adverse conditions, and put up a hard fight throughout the season. Although playing without the support of the school and most of the time with a crippled team, they put up an excellent article of ball and are deserving of all the praise which can be given them.

Only one letter man will be lost this year by graduation,—Young. With the old men as a nucleus a winning team should be developed next year, and let everyone come out and support the team which represents the best school in the State, old P. H. S.

The following are the scores of the various games played during the season which ended with a 2 to 1 victory over the strong Ashland High School in the best game we played this year:—

P. H. S.	2—Emporia High School	10
P. H. S.	23—Chester High School	1
P. H. S.	9—Farmville High School	14
P. H. S.	0—Blackstone Academy	10
P. H. S.	4—Emporia High School	5
P. H. S.	4—Richmond Academy	13
P. H. S.	1—Ashland High School	3
P, H. S.	5—Emporia High School	4
P. H. S.	2—John Marshall High School	11
P. H. S.	7—Farmville High School	9
P. H. S.	2—Ashland High School	1
P. H. S.	60—Opponents	81

VIRGINIA C. RIDENOUR, – – – *Editor.*

Mr. Berkley Peebles, an old P. H. S. boy, is now completing his third year at West Point.

Miss Mollie Butcher, '10, holds a position as teacher in the high school of Newark, New Jersey.

Mr. William Reese, '10, is now attending the Medical College of Virginia.

Miss Annie Tench, the honor graduate of the class of '10, is teaching at the Lee School of this city.

Miss Kittie Mitchell, one of our graduates, who has been on quite an extended trip in Europe, has set sail for

America. Miss Mitchell will very probably make her home in Portsmouth upon her return.

Miss Charlotte Gilliam, who graduated and then took the post-graduate course at the P. H. S., will complete her course of study at the Randolph Macon Woman's College in June.

Miss Marian Couch, '10, is studying to be a trained nurse at St. Luke's Hospital in Richmond.

Miss Lucile Wells, a P. H. S. graduate, formerly of this city, now holds a position as stenographer for a responsible firm in South Richmond.

Miss Lee Carter, '10, is teaching in Norfolk.

Exchange Department.

J. Guy Jones, Editor.

We have received a larger number of magazines this month than any preceding one of the term, and we hope that this issue of our magazine will show to those who have criticised us how helpful their criticisms are.

In looking over *The Focus* we find it is up to its usual standard, but your stories are too short. The best story in this number is "A Little Hero," for it shows what a boy can do. The poem, "April Weather," is one of the best that have appeared in any of your issues.

The Bumble-Bee deserves special attention on account of its well written stories. "The Test" is a well gotten up story, showing what a man will do for the one he loves.

The editorials of the *Student* are very impressive, and show great improvement over former ones.

The Critic. We should like to suggest that you have a special place for your jokes and not scatter them around in the other reading matter.

In looking over the magazines, one's attention is always called to *The Oracle* on account of its various attractive covers as well as its reading matter.

The Review: Your cover design could be improved upon, and the printing could be better.

The athletics of *The Monthly Chronicle* are excellently written, and one cannot look through this paper without reading them. These write-ups hold your magazine up to the standard.

It is a difficult task to criticise *The Blue and the Gray*, because it is a paper of an attractive cover, good printing, and all of its departments are complete.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following:

The Racquet, *The Southern Collegian*, *The Bayonet*, *The Oracle*, *The World*, *The Tatler*, *The Pattersonian*, *The Richmond College Messenger*, *The Quill*, *John Marshall Record*, *The William and Mary Literary Magazine*, *The Red and White*, *The University of Virginia Magazine*, *Lasell Leaves*, *The Hustler*, *The High Svhool News*, *and The Virginia Guide*.

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